

*American*  
**JUNIOR RED CROSS**

*January 1930* **NEWS** *"I Serve"*





*Colette's lessons were not easy. Dame Margot was a patient but strict teacher and a score of little bobbins had to be looked after. Hour after hour the girl sat over her cushion, undoing her mistakes and starting afresh, until she began to feel the rhythm of the pattern*

# The Teacher's Guide

BY RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

## The January News in the School

### A Classroom Index

#### Art, Design, Drawing:

"In the Strange Town of Puy," entertaining supplementary reading for art classes, is one of those charming stories that Miss Upjohn has a knack of uncovering in her travels. Colette's patient effort in perfecting her art, the manner in which her feline protégé became a model for her prize-winning design, the little artist's gift for observing nature's daily miracles of art are all memorable. Colette's spontaneous cry of joy: "Minette, we have won a prize!" is one of the whimsical, instinctive finenesses that make the "inspiration" of the Upjohn stories implicit rather than squashy.

For additional supplementary reading, art appreciation classes will be interested in the recent *Story Lives of Master Artists*, reviewed on this page.

#### Auditorium:

"A Chinese New Year" is entertaining material for a holiday program.

#### Citizenship, Community or World-Wide:

"A Message to the Juniors of the World," on the editorial page, is important because it advances a significant activity.

"Other News of Juniors" has many items for discussion and some no doubt for imitation.

"In the Strange Town of Puy" may also come in for mention in civics classes, serving as an illustration of industrial maladjustments and readjustments.

#### Geography:

*Belgium*—"In the Strange Town of Puy;" see also this month's CALENDAR picture.

*Canada*—"Juniors Work for Schools on Wheels." "Tom Brazil and His Deer Friends" reminds us again of *Bambi*, by Felix Salten.

*China*—"A Chinese New Year."

*Japan*—"To Honor Mrs. Hoover."

*United States-New Mexico*—"New Mexico's Hidden Wonderland;" "What Indian Members Are Doing."

#### Health:

"Sniffy Snuffy Sambo;" "Other News of Juniors."

#### Mathematics:

"A Marvelous Square" on the editorial page.

#### Nature:

"Leaves from an Aquarium Book;" "Tom Brazil and His Deer Friends."

### Art of Other Lands and Our Own

STORY LIVES OF MASTER ARTISTS. By Anna Curtis Chandler. Frederick A. Stokes, New York, 1929, \$2.50.

To learn that the prankish young student Giotto painted so real looking a fly on the nose of one of his master's portraits that his master tried to brush it off; that Joshua Reynolds' first "oil painting" was a mischievous portrait of a preacher, done on an old sail with the sailor's boat paints; that nearly all of the men who became great masters of art, as children were chided and watched with anxious eyes by their elders, does much to humanize their distant figures. The first six stories are about artists of

Florence during the Renaissance. The stories of Franz Hals and of Rembrandt interpret not only the artists but Holland; the story of Velasquez takes us into the Spanish Court; Millet and Bonheur show us France; Van Dyck, Gainsborough and Reynolds show us the English Court; and Gilbert Stuart and Edwin Austin Abbey represent, with Winslow Homer, America. The stories are told humanly, with glints of humor. There are well-chosen, brief lists of paintings; and simple explanations of the high points in the work of each are given with the illustrations in the volume. One wishes that some philanthropist would make possible the publication of an inexpensive "anthology" of color illustrations as a companion to a book of this type.

### Pegasus, An International Horse

ALTHOUGH poetry cannot be quoted in international correspondence albums, except those going to English-speaking countries, American poetry and poets are among the excellent topics for albums. Letters on the lives of poets, especially any local-color items, with annotated lists of famous poems (foreign friends may be able to find translations), pictures of poets and local sites of literary fame, interviews with famous living poets, if any are near at hand—these may counteract an impression of the United States as purely commercial. A new, scholarly and inclusive collection of English and American poetry is

THE WINGED HORSE ANTHOLOGY. By Auslander and Hill. Doubleday Doran Co., New York, School Edition, 1929, \$1.50.

This anthology and the story of poetry, *The Winged Horse*, both now in a \$1.50 school edition, make a spirited team. The *Winged Horse Anthology* covers only English and American poetry, from Chaucer through our own decade, wisely avoiding duplication of Van Doren's *World Anthology*.

Reading it is like going to a party. One looks first for one's special friends, makes new acquaintances among those standing near, and eventually saunters at large, listening in with this group or that. If one likes the poetic conversation, one may afterwards inquire: "Who is he?"—or She. The *Winged Horse* story will usually answer. It is to be hoped that one finally gives oneself a chance to become friend to every poet at the party.

The editors are equipped by experience and personal genius to select the great in poetry. Of course, no anthologizing can surmount all obstacles—copyright restrictions, competition with other books, current modes of thought, the compiler's own human bent. In the latter part, modern thought has influenced choice; and the influence of Manhattan is seen in "Under Steam and Stone," the title chosen for the modern section. Some of my own favorites are not present, while others seem not at their best. The absence of one of the hosts himself is reason for discontent. "Night Clouds" perhaps represents the best imagism of the most famous imagist; but is it as great a poem as Amy Lowell's "Patterns?" As for Stevenson, he could not be brought "Under Steam and Stone," but had to be left out under his wide and starry sky. That

(Continued on page 3)



# Developing Calendar Activities for January

## A Classroom Index

**Citizenship:** Studying foreign activities in Junior Red Cross magazines.

**Club:** Buying a canary for Veterans' Hospital; exchanging high school magazines with students of other countries.

**Drawing:** Making Easter menu covers for sailors; sending materials and models to Indian Partners for making valentines.

**English Composition:** Writing letters for international correspondence; exchanging high school magazines with students of other countries.

**Geography:** Writing of winter trips to Florida or California for international correspondence (these may be make-believe trips); sending foreign postcard showers; making a souvenir picture book of the United States for sick-abled children in other countries.

This activity, which is for young members, should be stressed as a service activity rather than as an international exchange. Thank-you letters will be sent back, in some cases, but they cannot be promised. The books should preferably be made of colored paper muslin, substantially sewed, with attractive, colored pictures securely and neatly pasted on. The pictures may be captioned very briefly, as translation cannot be attempted for long messages. A simple letter of friendship may be included with the book. In sending such books to National Headquarters, please be sure to state that they have been prepared for children's sanatoriums abroad, not for international correspondence.

**Handwork:** Making things for a vanity thrift shop; making Christmas cards for sailors' bags (See March CALENDAR page).

**Nature Study:** Giving a canary to Veterans' Hospital; writing of winter flower shops for international correspondence.

## Safeguarding Soldier Friends

AS A postscript to the Junior Red Cross page in the *Red Cross Courier*, which outlined suggestions for gifts to adopted Veterans' Hospitals (reprint free on request), please notice that the lists for Mental Hospitals omit all gifts of glass or sharp metal, such things as razor blades, key-puzzles, etc., etc. Omission of such articles from the lists is deliberate, and you are urged to inspect all parcels brought by pupils to make sure that there is nothing included which may be injurious to the friend to whom it is sent.

The schools that have adopted Mental Hospitals are performing one of the finest services possible. Help pupils to realize something of the sacrifice the men have made—perhaps the supreme sacrifice—to feel their responsibility and to be proud of their opportunity. One of the high points of the Junior Round Tables at the last Red Cross National Convention came when a high school delegate spoke, with mature and maternal gentleness, of a glimpse she had had of the soldier-patients her school had adopted.

## Little Actors to Earn Your Service Fund

MARIONETTE shows, traditionally popular in Europe, provide a fascinating way of increasing the Service Fund—more educationally valuable than "sponsoring" a commercial film, perhaps, though the bringing of a superior film to a community

where these are not the rule may express high standards of citizenship.

**MARIONETTES "EASY TO MAKE! FUN TO USE!"** By Edith Flack Ackley. Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York, 1929, \$2.50.

This is an encouraging book. Everyone will rejoice at the good news that marionettes are "easy to make." They can be made by clever hands from remnants of cloth, while the theatre and settings can be built at improvised work benches. Construction is directed step by step, and there are patterns in a pocket at the back of the book. The text, not at all pedantic in tone, teases one to read on, and the type and illustrations make the instruction look as attractive as it is.

Anybody with a little steadiness, imagination, and persistence can learn to make the manufactured people act. There are plays ready-made to begin with, and suggestions for improvisation to set imaginative children going.

Handwork classes, English classes, dramatic groups will all enjoy the activities opened by the volume. The possibilities of dramatizing geography lessons about other lands are numerous, and original Red Cross plays for assembly or for parent-audiences suggest other outlets.

## Books That Make Other Books Popular

**ADVENTURES IN READING.** A Book for Boys and Girls. By May Lamberton Becker. Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York, 1927, \$2.00.

These pleasantly written, teasing talks about books constitute a survey course in literature, the new and the old, from Mother Goose to Willa Cather. Many of the allusions, to be sure, are no more than that—alluring hints about charms to be found in such and such a book. To a young person of meagre reading habits, the world will seem very full of books, after a chapter or two; but the discovery will prove an adventurous one, not a discouraging or boring one, for that is the peculiar genius of this author. It is a book to encourage reading in the unbookish, to lead on the child who reaches out faster than parent or teacher can keep up, and to broaden tastes in all. There is a chapter of fundamental ideals to guide the young aspirant to writing.

**BOOKS AS WINDOWS.** By May Lamberton Becker. Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York, 1929, \$2.00.

This volume is an up-to-the-minute course in contemporary literature. You do not need to be young to enjoy it. Dipping into the middle of a middle chapter, I found myself pursuing it with the eagerness of a conversation to learn how far the author and I agreed about the group of books she was reviewing! For these reviews have a conversational quality that carries one along, makes one enjoy matching opinions, and leads to the wonder: "What does she think of So and So?" (And here I missed an index.) As in *Adventures in Reading*, the atmosphere is a broadening one; and the contemporary literature discussed is seen always for its interpreting and enlightening values. A point of practical contact for teachers guiding international correspondence is the chapter on "The American Scene," which discusses and lists fiction that reveals sectional America. I wish that the lists included such novels of the Midwest as John Townner Frederick's interpretations, based on honest observation and unmarred by any spirit of sneering or swagger. But the author is far from dogmatism and her lists are a provocative start in compiling broader ones of less popularly exploited and sometimes truer fiction by writers who have become scholars of their own sections.

## Italian Tales for Young Readers

**PICTURE TALES FROM THE ITALIAN.** By Florence Botsford. Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York, \$1.25.

Little stories written for little children, these Italian folk tales range from Romulus and Remus through a wide variety of fables, fairy stories, and moral parables. There is one from each province of Italy, and such problems as why dogs hate cats (in Italy) are solved. The stories are easy to read and the illustrations are irresistible.



# The Junior Red Cross in Smaller Schools

WAYS in which Junior Red Cross activities are helpful to the teacher in her problems of character education were brought out in a paper by Mrs. Bettie F. Davis, one of the students in the Junior Red Cross course at Peabody Institute last summer:

"The benefits derived by the children through the broad experiences of the Red Cross are of great value in character building. The viewpoint of the pupil is enlarged. He sees himself as a partner or sharer in the activities of the organization. In this joint activity he learns the value of cooperation; and he develops a sense of responsibility. He gets to feel that the success of some endeavor is his success, and its failure is his failure. He begins to realize that he is not a separate society unto himself, but he is a small part in the great democracy to which he belongs. The knowledge gained through the reports of distant lands given in supplementary material of the Red Cross is a very, very potent factor for greater comity and tolerance among peoples with natural or acquired animosities.

"It has been found to be true in many localities that children, through interest in the local Junior Red Cross, have taken greater pride in their own community. This civic pride can be directed into many useful channels. Pride in school activities will bring greater results than will coercion. These early habits will carry over into adult life and will be of benefit not only to the individual but to his community. Social pride destroys individual selfishness. This spirit of fellowship and good will becomes an unconscious part of school activities and at the same time it moulds character that leads to greater social equality. It tends to eliminate the snob and places comradeship above personal wealth.

## Preventing Thrift From Becoming Selfish

"There are many ways in which Juniors serve with money. There are some forms of service which they cannot share without money. For this purpose the National Children's Fund has been established, for the support of projects of national and international scope. Examples of national projects are those in behalf of children in times of great disaster; or the teaching of rug-weaving to Indian girls in the Southwest. Examples of international projects are those in which American Juniors cooperate with Juniors in Bulgaria and Greece in caring for large numbers of destitute refugee children. The subscriptions to the Junior magazine are usually paid for from the Service Fund. The social experiences of the children are thus greatly extended. The pupils gain experience in nation-wide and world-wide cooperation. Boys and girls learn to serve with money as well as in other ways. They learn that money is meant for service and is a means of exchanging service. The Service Fund may afford an incentive to thrift, but it does more, for it helps to prevent thrift from becoming selfish in its purpose. These are all important civic lessons to be learned largely by experience.

"Thus the Junior Red Cross exerts an influence that causes the children to want to succeed and want to get an education, for the person who desires to live the most useful life must develop his abilities to maximum efficiency. The extra-curricular activities made possible through the study of Red Cross work and the participation in these activities sometimes become the means of changing a pupil's entire attitude toward society. Any activity that calls forth the best in the pupil should be encouraged because the future character of our nation depends upon the material sent from the schools today."

## An Unending Story of Service

ANOTHER student in the same course, Mrs. Herbert P. Page, gave a number of concrete examples of activities that broadened in their interest as they progressed.

"Season activities greatly appeal to boys and girls. From a desire to furnish a hospital with flowers, a group of boys and girls went into the woods to gather flowers. The teacher, who had a thorough knowledge of science,

led the group to make many discoveries in biology. Weekly exploring trips were made into the woods.

"At the closing exercise of a large grammar school the Junior Red Cross members were discussing their summer activities. The vegetable race was suggested in the JUNIOR RED CROSS CALENDAR. A discussion as to the seasons of vegetables followed in a more interesting way than from a text in Agriculture.

"The Junior Red Cross is world-wide in its scope. International correspondence is carried on with foreign countries. The portfolios received contain samples of art, handwork of children, accompanied by written explanations. This material makes life very real to those receiving the portfolios.

"The program of service, as well as developing the finer things in their own lives, trains red-blooded, active boys and girls to become useful citizens. If the man who tried to tell the king an unending story, for half of his kingdom, had selected the activity growth of the American Junior Red Cross as outlined in the CALENDAR, I am sure the story could never have had an end and he would have possessed half of the kingdom."

## Excitement for Boys—and Girls

THE RED PRIOR'S LEGACY. By Alfred H. Bill. Longmans Green and Co., New York, 1929, \$2.00.

A spirited lad, son of a French nobleman who had been cheated of his inheritance by a wicked brother, returned to France from old New York, seeking the hidden family treasure that should restore his invalid father's fortune in the New World. This was in the days of the French Revolution, and the young soldier of fortune, embroiled in the carnage of France, was able to save a beautiful democratic-hearted heroine from villainies of aristocrats and demagogues; after which they married, and killing one or two more villains, got safely off again for the United States. Written of the era when heroes made ironic bows at their enemies and skinned through desperate adventures by a mixture of wit, nerve and fortune, the tale plunges ahead at top speed. Early chapters picture New York; later ones show Revolutionary France. Characters are figures of romance. Boys and girls will find it a good yarn; and at least one reviewer is grateful for the omission of "I wist's" and for the fact that opening sentences do not read: "A furtive look there was to its filthy wrapper," or "Since from France it came"; but that the author kept clear of those monotonous, periodic inversions.

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is where more of the moderns should have been left, perhaps; for outside of Manhattan the sky is still wide and starry, with a few poets still under it. But, restrictions of choice accepted as inevitable, here are a few proofs that the choice for this anthology is largely excellent:

Chaucer, so well translated by Mr. Hill that he (Mr. Chaucer) is easier to understand than some of the more recent moderns; ballads, of course; great poetry from drama; omission of a number of old bores; inclusion of "Michael," which young as well as older readers will like if given a chance; those fine scenes from Wordsworth's "Prelude," of sturdy boyish sport and imagination; long narratives; justifiable Kipling; a more generous presentation of Lanier than is common; discriminating choice from Moody—but never, never enough; one of Wheelock's greatest, though not all of his "great;" some of the best from some of the other moderns.

This is adequate, surely, to make the *Winged Horse Anthology* as essential as the *Winged Horse* story, to a school library, a reference shelf, poetry intimates, and individuals who wish poetry to become at least a partly opened door. "A thankless job," say the editors of some of their task. But I think that you will join me in saying "Thank You."

## Fitness for Service for January

NOT because we believe in making resolutions one day a year and forgetting them for three hundred and sixty-three, but because we believe in acting them out the year around and possibly talking about them not much oftener than once a year, and because January seems one appropriate time for this verbal formulation of aims, the month's CALENDAR page suggests certain mental "fitness for service" ideals.

### Discovering, Creating, Sharing

The first two CALENDAR suggestions under "healthful mental habits" boil down to observing present beauty, making new beauty, sharing all beauty. For sharpening observation, the rather young may play a simple game of "I Spy," each child describing something of beauty he has seen on the way to school, or something in the school with which all should be familiar. The object of the game should be not to puzzle, but to describe so clearly that all can guess. For making new beauty, there are many activities, like paper folding, silhouette work, drawing, and even pasting for scrapbooks, all done with an eye to precision, proportion, color combination.

Of sharing, there are many degrees, from the simple game of "I Spy" suggested above, through the long list of Junior Red Cross service activities—sending things attractively made to others; taking concerts, dances, readings, plays, or social entertainment to some group which will be happier remembering it.

The other resolutions also have something to do with finding, making and sharing beauty—beauty of personality, or character. If boys prefer to call it good sportsmanship, why that's excellent enough wording for anybody. "I can" and "I'm sorry" mean being brave instead of being cowards; "I'm glad to" and "Thank you" mean being generous instead of being greedy. The resultant confidence and power are not even distantly related to arrogance and conceit; they come instead from meeting each day's challenge sincerely, doing one's best to set errors right, doing one's own part honestly, giving loyal support to others in their parts.

### Among Our Friends

Will it lend more dignity to all this if American pupils realize it is also being aimed for, abroad? Here is a kind of constitution copied from international correspondence of a boys' school in France, on its way to a school in California. It outlines the aims of the "Friendly Society of Pupils and Old Pupils of the School."

"I. The cooperator must love his school which is his home; he must want it to be well equipped, always clean and ever more beautiful.

"II. A good cooperator must be diligent and punctual, clean and orderly, energetic and disciplined.

"III. If called upon to surrender certain rights for the good of all, or even one, he must do so.

"IV. He must regard his companions as brothers. His first duty is to set them a good example, and show kindness to those who are unhappy, to the delicate, to the little ones and to the new pupils, thus making school agreeable to them.

"V. He must be sincere and loyal to all, amiable and polite, good-tempered and willing. Familiarity and companionship will not exclude politeness.

"VI. The cooperator realizes that in the interests of all, discipline is indispensable. He knows that he must obey those of his group who have been chosen, he knows that he can only exact obedience if he himself sets an example in obeying the regulations. He will in due course lay down appropriate rules and adhere to them. He will assume responsibility for his own actions.

"VII. Before forming his judgment and acting upon it, the cooperator must see that his information is complete. He will endeavor to think fairly and to speak with authority, for his word is sacred.

"VIII. When he has reflected and decided he will act promptly, with humor and good temper."

Has this business of making other lives happier any bearing on physical health of individuals or communities? In the story of *Greyfriars Bobby*, reviewed below, a time comes, near the end of the loyal little dog's career, when his fame has spread far afield, and a "Grand Leddy," friend of the Queen herself, comes to visit him. The children, to whom the Lord Provost has assigned Bobby as a solemn charge, gather about the Grand Leddy and Bobby, in Greyfriars churchyard. She says to one of them:

"The windows of the tenements are very clean."

"Aye," replies the girl. "The bairnies couldna see Bobby, garn the windows warena washed."

"In many of the windows there is a box of flowers, or of kitchen herbs to make the broth savory."

"It wasna so i' the auld days. Ilka thing is changed, the bairns ha'en Bobby to lo'e an' no' to be neglectet."

So the Grand Lady, making plans for her next Christmas story to child protégés of her own community, decided to tell "the story of Greyfriars Bobby, and how all his little Scotch friends are better behaving and cleaner and happier because they have that wee dog to love."

### A Popular Story in a New Edition

The new edition of *Greyfriars Bobby*, by Eleanor Atkinson, is illustrated by Marguerite Kirmse (1929, Harper & Brothers, \$3). Her drawings interpret the "sperity bit dog" with sensitive understanding. The story itself, which must be known to many children, is of a valiant little Skye terrier, who guarded the grave of his simple old shepherd master for fifteen years after the old man's death, winning the affectionate admiration of the fine old Scotch citizens from the Edinburgh tenement children to the "Laird Provost" himself. The "leal highlander" is a great character, and so are his young and older Scotch friends. The humor, the dignity, the depth of personality are qualities worth patient seeking. Even the notorious "thrift" is illuminated in such incidents as that of the farmer who pays "auld Jock" off for the winter, because he is likely to lose the flock of sheep in highland snowstorms; but who, had he sensed that the grand old shepherd was nearing death, would have shared his home with the old man, accepting neither money nor labor in payment. The deepest memory left by the story is of the generative working, on a neighborhood and finally a city, of a love that will not be thwarted, turned aside, diminished, delayed. Caution nor convenience, not even reason, above all, no considerations of personal advantage turn Bobby aside from his single purpose of devotion. The fact that it is the devotion of a small dog signifies nothing at all, unless it be found cause for human shame.

*How a poor pussy-cat helped Colette win a prize*



## In the Strange Town of Puy

ANNA MILO UPJOHN

Illustrations by the Author

*There was an old woman of Puy  
Whose heart was as warm as could be.  
The dogs of the town she fed as her own,  
With sweetmeats and tidbits and many a bone.  
A state of affairs which I'm sure you'll agree  
Was all very well for the dogs of Le Puy—  
But the poor pussy-cat of the amiable wife  
It is safe to assume  
Led a hazardous life.*

THE old woman of Puy was a real person called Dame Margot. You may see her statue in the museum at Puy with an iron dog collar around her neck in memory of her kindness to the stray dogs of the town. But this story has not so much to do with Dame Margot and her dogs as with Colette and the old lady's cat.

Colette was a country girl who lived with her aunts not far from Puy. Sometimes she took geese and butter to market there, and then she would see Dame Margot with her basket buying scraps of meat and cheese for the poor dogs. But Colette was more interested in the famous lace of Puy. In almost every doorway women sat with cushions on their knees throwing the bobbins to right and left as the fine web grew under their fingers. In the shop windows Colette studied filmy patterns that filled her with longing—not to wear lace but to make it. Most of her time was spent in turning butter rolls and working in the vegetable garden on her aunts' small farm. But wherever she went Colette's clever brown eyes saw material for beautiful lace patterns, whether it was a branch of blackberry vine or the pointed shadows of the linden leaves,

or the geese passing in single file toward the pond.

She had no paper on which to work out her designs, but used a shingle scoured smooth with sand. A sharpened stick rubbed against the sooty soup pot did very well as a pencil, and if she made a mistake she erased it with a pellet of bread.

One day she brought her shingle into the pantry where her aunts were working and propped it on a shelf.

"There!" she said hopefully, "Do you think I can ever learn to make lace?"

The pattern was simple, just buttercups and their twisted stems, but the aunts, who had grown up in a lace country, felt that it would work out well in thread. Though they wanted to keep Colette with them in the dairy, they finally decided to let her go to town to learn lace-making. So one autumn day Colette set



*Colette did not stop to talk to the women who were beating linen on the river bank*



out with her clothes in a blue cotton cloth and her shoes over her arm. When she came in sight of the strange up-and-down town of Puy, she washed her feet in the river and put on her shoes.

Without stopping to talk with the women beating linen on the river bank Colette started in search of the lace-maker who, she hoped, might be her teacher. Living in the country, she did not know that she had come at the wrong moment for lace-making.

After some climbing she found the teacher's house, but it was closed, with a "To Let" notice on the door. Colette looked up and down the street bewildered. There were no women in the doorways and the street seemed strangely quiet. It had begun to rain, and when it rains in Puy it is very gloomy, for most of the houses are built of black lava.

Colette went slowly down the sad, dark street, tears of disappointment filling her eyes. The rain had begun in earnest now and she stepped into a covered passageway. As she did so a panic-stricken cat darted up the staircase. Another second and a pack of yelping dogs swept in from the street and Colette was caught in a whirlwind of yapping, leaping animals. Terrified, she crowded against the wall until she saw that the dogs paid no attention to her. They were barking a welcome to an old woman in the doorway. Colette recognized Dame Margot with her basket on her arm.

"Don't be afraid," cried the old woman. "They are only in a hurry for their dinner." She passed into the court, and the growling and barking ceased as she threw out gobs of meat to the hungry animals.

When the last scrap had disappeared the old woman drove the dogs out again and shut the door. Then she saw Colette still standing against the wall.

"Come in out of the rain, child," she said kindly and led the way up the staircase and into a comfortable room. She took off the man's hat that covered her white cap and hung it behind the door. Colette remembered that she was said to be odd but well off and very kind and wise. So she decided to ask her about a teacher.

When Colette had finished her story the good dame grunted. "You have come to Puy at the wrong moment," she said. "Don't you know that a law has been passed in Toulouse forbidding anyone whomsoever to wear lace?"

"Toulouse?" murmured Colette, wondering what that rich and powerful city could have to do with Puy.

"That is where all our lace was sold," said Dame Margot, "and with the new law hunger has come to Le Puy. Some of the women have gone to other parts of France, but most of them are left here without work. And it is not alone the women who suffer. There are the men who grew the flax and those who made the thread, the cushions and the bobbins, as well as the transporters who took the lace to Toulouse on muleback. And the people having but little money to spend, the miller, the grocer and the shoemaker have no trade."

"But what have the people of Toulouse against us that they should make such a law?" asked Colette hotly.

Dame Margot laughed. "They have nothing against us," she said. "In fact, they have not thought of us. It is because the women of Toulouse, seeing that there is much money in lace, have gone mad over the making of it, until there is not a girl left to wash or cook or take care of the children. So the City Council passed their law which has stopped work in Puy, too, since now we have no market. Better go home, my child. You will never get rich from lace-making."

"But even if I can't sell it I should like to make it because it is beautiful," said Colette wistfully.

"In that case," said Dame Margot, looking sharply at the girl, "you shall learn of me, and you could not find a better teacher in all Puy."

"I have some money," said Colette timidly. "If it is enough I will stay with you and learn."

But the old woman would not take the money. They argued until sundown and then it was decided that Colette should sleep in the room in the gable, and, in payment for room and board, should help Dame Margot with the housework.

"And what shall I do first?" cried Colette, eager to begin at once.

"You can take the basket and give the dogs their supper."

Colette's heart turned to water as she watched the old lady prepare the meal for her pets. But she was ashamed to refuse the first order given by



*A cat darted up the staircase*

her new friend, so she took the basket and with trembling knees went down to the court. At the sound of footsteps the dogs began to howl and when the door opened they burst in like an explosion. Quickly Colette tossed a handful of food ahead of her and the dogs plunged forward. To keep them as far off as possible she threw other morsels out into the court; but before the dogs could snap them up a lean black cat, spitting like fire and seemingly dropped from the sky, fell into the court, seized a scrap and was off like a flash. With howls of rage the dogs sprang after the thief. But Colette emptied the whole basket of food on the ground and the dogs stopped to gulp their supper while Colette had a glimpse of the cat gaining the cornice with tail bristling like a chimney sweep's brush.

When she had put the dogs out for the night, Colette went up to the little room at the top of the house. Its dormer window opened onto a forest of chimneys and a sea of roofs, steep and crooked, running up to the sky. She thought of her aunts' home in the country dusk and of the apple tree looking in at her own window. Then she caught sight of the cat again picking her way over the next roof with a piece of meat in her mouth. Shrill news greeted her and three small fuzzy heads appeared above the ridgepole. The cat dropped into a hole in the slates and the kittens followed.

"I'll bring up their supper every night," thought Colette with a warm feeling for the brave cat.

Colette had to get used to many things in Puy. The air was full of chimes, for there were many churches, some of them perched on the summits of volcanic peaks that thrust up through the green earth in dark pinnacles. The streets were often but rocky stairways, the houses were built of lava and granite.

Colette's lessons were not easy, for Dame Margot was a patient but strict teacher, and a score of little bobbins had to be looked after. Hour after hour the girl sat over her cushion, undoing her mistakes and starting afresh, until she began to feel the rhythm of the pattern. Then she had a thrill of triumph, forgetting that soon there would be no money to buy thread.

Every evening Colette laid food for the cat on her window sill, and from being a wretched slat of a cat, the pussy began to grow comely. Colette called her Minette and never tired of trying to sketch her, especially when she promenaded her kittens at evening along the roofpole. Gradually the walls of the little room under the gable were covered with drawings of cats in all positions.



*Le Puy is in southeastern France in a region of extinct volcanoes. Churches perch on the summits of volcanic peaks, and most of the houses are built of black lava*

Minette lost her shyness and sometimes came purring to the window when Colette was there. But the kittens, who had never yet seen the world except from the housetops, remained as wild as hawks.

All this time Dame Margot had been guarding a secret. She knew that a man of influence had gone from Puy to Toulouse to see if he could not have the lace law repealed. One day the bells rang out joyously and word ran from house to house that François Regis had succeeded.\* Toulouse would take the lace of Puy as before. More than that, new markets were opened. Two great cities, Marseilles in France and Cadiz in Spain, were now asking for the lace of Puy. So shutters came down; white-capped women sat in their doorways, and laughter, mingled with the click of bobbins, was heard in the streets.

All this happened three hundred years ago

\*François Regis, who averted the ruin in the lace industry of Puy in 1640 and extended its market as far as South America, was a Jesuit father. He was canonized in 1723, and recognized as the patron saint of lace-makers.

when there were plenty of kings and queens to use lace, as well as their ladies and gentlemen in waiting, and when it was worn by men almost as much as by women. Prizes and scholarships were offered in Puy for the best work and the best designs. Colette was not skilled enough to compete for a prize in lace-making but Dame Margot thought she might try for one in design. With paper and pencil she haunted both the flowering hedgeways and the dark Cathedral that crowned the town. The foliage carved in its stone was as delicate as the lace she was planning.

There was a legend that the spot where the Cathedral stood had once been a green meadow on a hilltop. One day in July the people of Puy were petrified to see the field covered with snow and a fawn running over the white space and tracing the plan of a great church with its hoofs. The people were too poor to build a church, but feeling that this must be holy ground they brought dried thorn branches which they had cut for fuel, and with them wove a little chapel there.

The next morning the thorn had blossomed with a mass of pink and white flowers.

With this story in mind Colette chose a cluster of hawthorne as her lace pattern and worked hard to make it simple enough to be carried out in thread. Her second pattern was for household use, and when at last she pinned it to the wall it showed the silhouette of a running cat—one of those bold designs that the French like so much for window curtains and tablecloths.

There were bleak days of waiting after the drawings had been sent to the jury, days when Colette threw her bobbins with trembling fingers. But one evening Dame Margot came in with great news. Colette's cat design had won her a scholarship! Colette danced about the room like any girl of today, then fled upstairs to the window.

"Oh, Minette!" she cried over the chimneys. "We've won a prize!"

And the canny cat came scrambling across the gables to find an extra bone for supper.

## The Oldest House in Boston

**S**QUEEZED down between tall neighbors in the old North End of Boston, where once the lawns were green and haste and dust and crowds and traffic were unknown, is the house where Paul Revere lived through the stirring years of our Revolutionary period.

The house is very old—it was probably built soon after the "great fire" of 1676. Its second story overhangs the first, its roof is sharply pitched and covered with hand-made shingles. The front door is studded with nails and can be opened from the inside only, like the doors of medieval fortresses and castles, which were constructed for strength and protection.

Within the batten door is a tiny panelled entry with sharply-ascending stairway. The living room is of generous size, panelled in pine on the fireplace side. The fireplace itself is large enough for a man to stand in without stooping. The original crane used by the Revere family stands in the great kitchen fireplace, and, among the other kitchen utensils with which the room is furnished, is Mrs. Revere's own rolling pin!

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*From this doorway Paul Revere went forth on his famous ride on April 19, 1775*

Upstairs are two bedrooms with beautiful panels and mouldings, wide floor boards and fascinating windows. The house is owned and has been restored by the Paul Revere Memorial Association, and is open to the public. All the things in it are characteristic of an 18th century colonial dwelling.

—From "Citizenship Through Character Development," published by the School Committee of Boston.



# Chinese New Year

Y. L. CHIN

**I**T WAS only in the year 1900 that I first remember the New Year celebration. I was five years old, and as I had been under a tutor for nearly a whole year, I looked forward to the holidays with relief and hope. The school was closed by the middle of the 12th month (usually some time in Europe's January), but the celebration did not begin until two weeks after.

The first of the long series of festivities came on the 24th day of the 12th month. On that day, I was told, the God of the Kitchen was to leave for Heaven in the evening to give his annual report to his superiors. A small table was placed in the courtyard with incense burning and other offerings on it. I knelt down before it three times according to custom. When that was finished a handful of rice was thrown into the air. This God was supposed to gallop into Heaven on a horse and this handful of rice was supposed to help him on the trip.

The last day of the year was very busy. In the morning four sets of eight courses of food were prepared and offered to Heaven and Earth, the ancestors, the God of Finance and the God of the Kitchen who had come back only the day before. The family silver, candlesticks and chinaware were in full display. The food was spread on the tables for the whole day. A little before noon, all the members of the family paid their respects to the gods by bowing and kneeling before them, that is, by "koting" to them. My mother appeared in her official robe and my sister-in-law came in dressed in very much the



*This little boy is all dressed up in his best bib and tucker for the biggest holiday of the year. In China every child receives new clothes, even down to a handkerchief, for New Year's*

same way, though her robes were less elaborate and were not called "official." The house was decorated from top to bottom. Everything seemed to have a touch of red, and the red candles before the ancestral shrine were kept burning for the whole day.

In the evening, rather later than usual, the all-family dinner was served in my mother's room. It was an important annual affair somewhat like the Christmas dinner in the United States. My brothers, sisters, sisters-in-law and nephews gathered at a round table over which my mother presided. The food was more substantial than showy. There were eight big bowls, four big dishes and four small ones. The main courses consisted of usual things such as chicken, fish, pork and shark's fin, either cooked singly or

combined in a multitude of ways. There was one side dish which never appeared at any other time. It was a grand mixture called "Eight Precious Vegetables" and had been prepared in large quantities so that it would last for several days.

All the rooms were brilliantly lighted by big red candles. After dinner, my mother gave me and my nephews each one hundred cash (equivalent to 5 cents). The cash were strung together by a red string. Then cards were spread on the big table and we played a game which became more exciting when more persons entered into it. We played the game for stakes, but by some remarkable arrangement among the grown-ups, the children never lost any money. As evening went on, both the old and the very young dropped out. I had to struggle to keep awake, but I was

determined to follow the example of my older sister. The candles were still burning and the whole house was bright, because darkness on that occasion was supposed to bring ill luck. At length we had a little supper, not so much because we needed to eat as because it was pleasant to have something to do while we told stories and tried to solve conundrums. I was impatient, the old year was already dead and the New Year seemed powerless to be born. None of us had any notion that the minute the clock struck twelve, the New Year had already come.

Finally, just a little before dawn, my eldest sister-in-law, with the help of the rest of us, prepared for the opening of the "Door of Treasures." The front door, which had been closed since the night before, was opened with ceremony. It was believed that quantities of treasures were pouring through the front door into the family chest, and that due ceremony should be observed and sincere gratitude should be expressed for such heavenly favor. A table was arranged with incense and candles behind the front door; before this each of us "kotowed" in turn. Immediately after that, the new day, and with it the New Year, began. Those of us who were on the spot bowed to each other and said, "Respectful congratulations for the New Year."

In contrast with the day before, the first day of the New Year was peaceful and quiet. Those who struggled in vain to "keep the old year" remained in bed. My mother was dressed early, so also was my eldest brother. Both wore official robes, but each for a different purpose. My mother was to remain at home to receive guests, while my brother, seated in a sedan chair carried by three persons, set forth to call on friends and relatives. Shiang-Fu, who was a sort of personal attendant to my brother, walked sometimes in front of the chair and sometimes beside or behind it, armed with calling cards to be distributed with extraordinary liberality. At home, the servants, all in their glory, filed in to offer their congratulations. Then came relatives and friends and acquaintances, some of whom were received, while

others, the more distant acquaintances, received the message from my mother that she dared not present herself to his or her august presence.

The second and the third days, and with diminishing intensity the remaining days, were spent in frolicking among near relatives. Cakes, candies, fruits, peanuts and especially watermelon seeds were provided in plenty. Watermelon seeds can be consumed by the ton without any visible ill effect on the digestion. Small children who visited with their elders were usually offered a sweet drink made of puffed rice instead of the stimulants that were given to adults. Candles continued to be burned at the ancestral shrine, incense smoked unceasingly and paper cash and paper representations of lumps of silver and gold were still offered at regular intervals before it.

The fifteenth of the first month was the grand finale of the New Year celebration. The day passed off just like any other festival, but in the evening hundreds of candles were lighted and placed in all sorts of odd nooks and corners. The children carried lanterns with shades resembling frogs, fish and birds and were supplied with candles. Sometimes they carried what was known as the racing horse lantern. This particular lantern had two layers of shades; the outside layer was fixed, but the inside layer was movable and on it were attached a number of horses in full gallop. When the candle was lighted in the middle, the heated air rose and the surrounding cold air, in trying to displace it, exerted a force on the movable shade which then started to gyrate. Consequently the horses also galloped.

We were told that the main streets were brightly lighted by thousands of lanterns. My nephews and I myself had our share of lanterns but we were not allowed to go to the main street of the city for fear of getting lost in the crowd. We paraded in our own quiet neighborhood under the leadership of Shiang-Fu, the man-servant, until we were tired and worn and the candles were exhausted. When finally all lights were out, the New Year celebration also came to an end.

## The Little Stars

Little stars of pretty gold,  
Don't you get extremely cold?  
You stay way up there in the sky  
While all the wintry months go by.

Your moon mother and you  
Stay up there in the freezing dew,  
Why don't you come out in the day,  
When the cold nights have gone away?

—ELIZABETH NORRIS,  
*Grade IV, Utica Country Day School,  
New Hartford, New York.*

One of several "good health" posters which won first prize at an Indian ceremonial and then were sent to the Red Cross



They were drawn by a Navajo Junior in the third grade of the Charles H. Burke School, Fort Wingate, New Mexico

## What Indian Members Are Doing

RECENTLY Mr. A. L. Schafer, your Associate National Director, visited some of the Indian schools in New Mexico. He was delighted to find what interesting things were going on even in small schools far from a railroad.

For instance in the little Picuris Day School, sixty-five miles northeast of Gallup, over a road impassable a great part of the year, he found health posters from Japan hanging on the walls. The twenty or so pupils had made a Red Cross window, mounting a big Red Cross on one pane, and bordering the window with CALENDAR pictures. There was a border, too, around an unused blackboard underneath, on which hung the Junior poster, with the membership roll on one side and the new CALENDAR on the other. The broad window shelf in the thick adobe wall was the "library" for their Junior magazines.

The children of the San Ildefonso School in a little pueblo village were enjoying drawings, maps, pressed flowers and compositions from a school in Chicago and a school in Czechoslovakia. The Zuni Mission School had albums from Japan and from Colombia. Some of the fifth grade boys at the school unpacked for Mr. Schafer a whole trunk full of toys which had come from the Akron, Ohio, Juniors.

All of the Navajo girls at the big government school at Albuquerque were taking lessons in Navajo rug-weaving under Mary Peshlakai, the weaver paid by your National Children's Fund. Other students were learning pottery-making, under a native potter paid by the Fund.

In a few of the schools the Juniors were busy filling overseas Christmas boxes and making other gifts. The San Ildefonso pupils had brought in

clay from the mountainside and made many articles, which they decorated with colored kernels of corn. In the Santa Fé Indian School, and in the four schools at Zuni, the Juniors were putting their beautiful Indian designs on Christmas menu covers for the Asiatic fleet or on greeting cards for patients in the U. S. Veterans' Hospital at Fort Bayard.

For good citizenship, the members in the Zuni schools have beautified their schoolrooms and yards and cleaned up the streets of their village. They had gathered up 750 pounds of nails from the roads, "so that automobiles would not get sick." At the Rehoboth Mission School the Juniors have built four hogans to accommodate parents while they are visiting the school. At Taos the boys have been making towel racks for their families.

Hearing that the little Indian children in a village fifteen miles away were almost without clothes, the Santa Fé Indian Juniors made garments for them, and got together toys and gifts. A few years ago this school sold piñons and Indian designs and raised \$80 towards a movie machine for the Toadlena Boarding School on the Northern Navajo Reservation 7,500 feet up in the mountains in the northwestern corner of their state. Money from the National Children's Fund then completed the purchase. Now the Toadlena School is sharing the outfit, turn about, with three other schools on the reservation. Indian children are admitted free, but grown-up Indians, the school employees and white people of the neighborhood pay small fees. The money goes for films from Denver and towards a Christmas fund for the poorest children of the reservation.



# Leaves from an Aquarium Book

**T**HE Fourth Grade of the Training School at Winthrop College in Rock Hill, South Carolina, had such a fascinating aquarium that they made a whole book about it, each member of the class contributing short compositions. At the end of the year they sent their book as a piece of intersectional correspondence to the Vine

Street School in Hollywood, California. The 4-A Grade in the Hollywood school replied with a beautifully illustrated album called "California History." We are giving here some of the compositions from the aquarium book all in one article; we wish we could give, too, some of the lovely colored drawings which were in it.

And the earth brought forth grass, and herb yielding seed after his kind, and the tree yielding fruit, whose seed was in itself, after his kind: and God saw that it was good.  
—GENESIS 1:12.

And God said, Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life, and fowl that may fly above the earth.  
—GENESIS 1:20.

**W**E HAVE made this book because we want to learn the habits and food of different kinds of water plants and animals found in our tub. People have asked many questions about our aquarium so in this little book we have tried to answer them. We have copied our pictures of animals and plants from pictures true to nature.

In *Nature Magazine*, Miss Crowder, our teacher, saw the description of a tub-garden. She ordered fish, snails and plants from Saddle River, New Jersey. We then had to get rich

garden soil. One boy brought well-rotted cow manure. Several other children brought rich garden soil. One of the girls brought the sand. To three parts of garden soil was added one part of manure. After we put this mixture in the tub the plants were set and the roots kept wet.

The next thing that was put in the tub was the sand. But before putting the sand in the tub it had to be thoroughly washed. It was put in a bag and carried to the kitchen sink where it was washed first in cold water, then in hot water. After that it was spread out on paper in the sun to dry. After the sun had dried it, it was spread about two inches deep on top of the soil. Now our tub was ready for the water which we got in a watering can from the faucet. It was poured into a bucket set on a table above the tub. A rubber tube, called a siphon, was filled with water. One end of it was put in the bucket of water, the other end in the tub. The water from the bucket soon filled the tub. It kept someone busy filling



*Baby paradise fish were hatched in the round aquarium about the last of April. Coral snails are in the aquarium on the table to eat the green moss from the sides of their glass house. The tub has both fish and clams living among its water plants*

the bucket until our tub was filled with clean, clear water.

The tub had to be left for about twenty-four hours or more. After this, it was ready for the fish, snails and plants.

The fish must breathe air just as we do. The water contains a certain amount of air. We know this because we can see air bubbles settle on the inside of a glass tumbler.

The fish gets the air from the water as it passes through his gills. Fish are like people, they breathe out stale air and breathe in fresh air from the water. A straight-sided aquarium is the best kind to have because it gives more water-surface. Every fish should have about twenty-four square inches of water-surface to every inch of fish body.

Globe aquariums are not good to use because when they are filled too full the fish do not have enough water-surface. A round aquarium shaped like a wash pan is good.

If you have the right kind of aquarium you do not have to change the water so often. It is time to change the water, however, when you see the fish come to the surface and look as if they are sucking the air. A fish that is hungry and comes to the surface for food looks different from a fish that needs air.

The female paradise fish lays eggs. The male takes the eggs in his mouth and makes a bubble around each egg. He blows the bubble to the top of the water. The bubbles float on the water forming a nest of bubbles. The baby fish hatch out in from five to ten days. The baby fish are very small—about the size of a very small ant. If danger is near the father fish puts the baby fish into his mouth and takes them to some other part of the aquarium.

The paradise fish is called by that name because it is so beautiful. The father fish is dark with blue and red stripes on his sides. The mother fish is light brown with pink stripes on her sides. When she lays the eggs she changes to the color of the father. Paradise fish are about two inches long when they are grown.

Some early spring day look in shallow water that lies in the fields. There you may find some

frog's eggs. The eggs look like black dots in a jelly-like mass.

After ten days these eggs hatch. Little black tadpoles come from these eggs. At first they are blind and they have no mouths. But soon they can see and eat. As they get older they sometimes eat each other.

A day comes when their hind legs show, then the tail slowly disappears, and the tadpoles become frogs.

After tadpoles grow to be frogs they cannot stay under water for more than ten minutes at a time. So after our tadpoles changed to be green frogs, they could jump so far that we put them in a glass aquarium. We laid in a carpet of green grass and dirt. Then we set in a little bowl and filled that with water. The next thing we put in were the two little frogs.

We decided that they needed some rocks to crawl out of the water on, so we put those in the bowl. We cut a piece of wire screen and made a

top for the aquarium. Then we put it on so the frogs couldn't jump out. They seem to be happy now. Tadpoles are said to be good scavengers but they seem to put more dirt in our aquarium than they eat out.

The coral snail has a red body and shell. It is kept in our aquarium to clean the sides of the tub. It also likes to eat the lettuce that is sometimes put in the aquarium for it. We found some eggs on the leaves of plants in our aquarium that we thought were goldfish eggs. The eggs were put in the big tub in a glass jar to hatch. After about five or ten days they hatched out. We found them to be baby snails. There were thirty-five or forty little snails about the size of a pinhead. The grown snail is about the size of a quarter. When the coral snail gets old, moss grows on his back.

One day the goldfish ate several of the little snails before we could get them out of the tub.

This snail is a good scavenger. It eats the scum from the water. It makes the floor of the aquarium look as if it had been swept.

Our water plants beautify our aquarium and supply oxygen to our fish. Sometimes the mother



*The fish and tadpoles have a picnic in the current of water from the siphon when fresh water is put in the tub*

fish lays her eggs on the leaves. The small roots of the duckweed are eaten by the gold fish. The eel grass, or *vallisneria*, is a grass-like plant with strap-shaped leaves of the same breadth almost their entire length. This plant is also known as channel grass and tape grass.

For some years American aquarists depended upon plants gathered locally from rivers, creeks, mill races, and so on. These plants did not grow well. So one aquarist got plants from Europe to grow in a greenhouse. These plants suited better for the aquarium. That is why we use channel grass in our aquarium. The fish like it because its leaves give off oxygen which the fish get from it while it is growing under water. This plant will bloom and form seed pods if it gets proper air and sunshine.

We have enchytræ worms, shrimp and lettuce for fish food. Enchytræ worms are white. They look like threads. They are usually bred in winter as a substitute for daphnia for feeding tropical fish. The growing of these worms is very easy after the start is made. Proper feeding is the key to success. They like thick sour milk, white bread crumbled up, mashed boiled potato, and cheese rinds. Ants, beetles and mice kill these worms so they should be kept away. The soil should be kept moist.

The shrimp is a small water animal closely

kin to the crawfish. It is highly prized for food. We feed our fish on dried shrimp. The Japanese snail, the tadpoles and the coral snails like to eat the dried shrimp, too.

In order to watch the temperature of our aquarium we keep a thermometer in the water. To keep the food from spreading over the water we use feeding rings. When we wish to take our fish out of the aquarium we use the dipnet. After taking the fish out with the dipnet we use a siphon to drain the water from the aquarium. While the fish and water are out of the aquarium we sometimes scrape the green moss off of the sides with a safety razor blade.

Many people want to train their fish to look for food at a certain place in the aquarium. One way of doing this is by the use of the feeding ring in which floating food is placed. This ring keeps the food in one spot. Gold fish are near-sighted, and a feeding ring helps them locate the food. Such fish find their food largely by the sense of smell. One kind of feeding ring is made of bent glass tubing. One may be made from a piece of cork with a large hole cut in the center. After the cork becomes water-logged one can sow grass seeds on it. When the grass has become about an inch high the cork is turned upside down so the fish can enjoy themselves nibbling it off.

## Sniffy Snuffy Sambo

SAMBO sat in the library reading a tale of jolly elves and

lovely fairies. He had a clean white handkerchief in his pocket, but he didn't use it; he just sniffed instead. He read page after page and looked at picture after picture. If you had been there you would have heard the sound "sniff, sniff" coming from the corner where he sat. He *had* a clean white handkerchief, but he didn't think of using it!

The librarian looked at him and raised her eyebrows. "Dear me, it's that Sniffy Snuffy Sambo," she said.

All at once Sambo looked up because he heard a rustle, rustle, rustle beside him. There stood a big, clean, white handkerchief with a sad look in its big white eye. Without a word, the handkerchief wrapped its clean white folds around Sambo, and he felt himself sailing out of the open window. He was not afraid and, as he wondered where they were going, he felt his feet on solid

GRACE IRENE BENNETT

Illustration by Bernice Oehler

ground and heard many rustle, rustle, rustling sounds.

The big wide handkerchief unfolded itself and Sniffy Snuffy Sambo saw a green land with crowds of handkerchief people scurrying about. There were big handkerchiefs and little handkerchiefs, green ones, white ones, blue ones, red ones. Some were clean and some were not, but they all had a sad look in their one big eye.

Two handkerchief boys were running through the crowd calling, "Come to the big meeting, don't miss the big meeting."

Sambo followed the swaying whispering hankies, and they led to a large hall with a stage and rows and rows of clean white seats.

The king of the land stood before the people with a tear in his eye and his crown hanging forlornly over one ear.

"My people," he said, "the lives of many of the handkerchief folk have been extremely sad up in the big world. A few of the lost ones are



going to tell you of their unhappy lives. Something must be done." He sat down while the people rustled softly.

A pretty fresh, white handkerchief began to talk. "My friends, a little girl owns me. She keeps me in her pocket and forgets to use me. She sniffs and snuffs until I am so ashamed of her that I could weep. Just imagine living every day with a girl who snuffs and sniffs and never uses her handkerchief." She sat down with two big tears falling from her big white eye. The audience shook their cotton heads sadly.

A little pink handkerchief willowed her way to the stage. "My life is dreary indeed," she wept. "Marion always forgets to take a clean handkerchief every day, and she uses me until I am so soiled that I groan with shame when she pulls me from her pocket. Other people notice how mussed I am, but Marion never seems to care. I would rather stay here and never see the big wide world at all than to be used until I am a dreadful sight to behold." She sighed deeply.

The handkerchief people shook their heads and murmured, "What an untidy girl she must live with!"

A large white handkerchief marched to the platform. "I belong to a boy named Robert. He doesn't sniff and he never uses me more than a day, but, friends, he does things that are far worse." The people leaned forward holding their hands behind cloth ears so as not to miss a word. The large white handkerchief whispered, "Robert coughs and doesn't use me, and the cold germs go sailing through the air where other boys and girls breathe them in. Robert sneezes and doesn't use me, and the cold germs go sailing through the air to give other boys and girls a cold. Last week some of the germs gave a nice little girl a bad cold. I fear that I belong to a bad, bad boy and there never was a sadder piece of white cotton in this land."

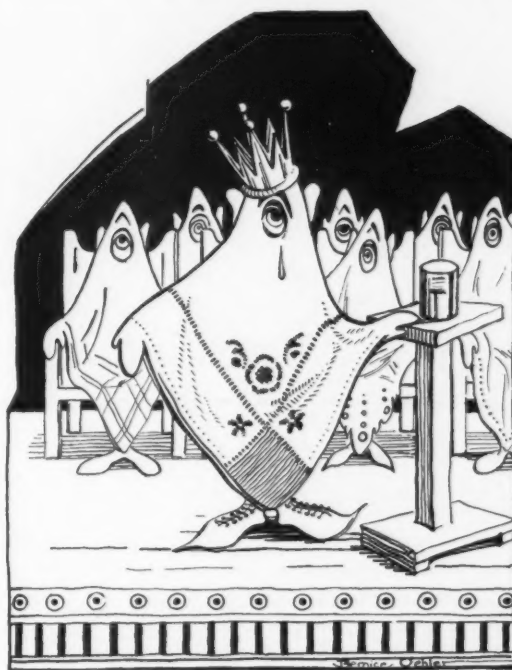
The audience nodded in sympathy and rolled their eyes in horror.

A gaily pictured handkerchief with Boy Blue in one corner crept up next. "My friends," said he, "my master Jim doesn't sniff, nor does he keep me in his pocket too long, nor does he forget to use me when he coughs, but he does something just as bad." The audience opened their mouths in surprise and cocked their cotton ears. "Master Jim plays with me—he swings me about and drops me on the floor in school. Then he puts me in his pocket and never dreams that I've picked up all sorts of big and little germs from the floor. Last week I gave him a cold, and it almost broke my heart. What shall we do? What

can we do? I leave the matter before you," and he sighed his way to a chair.

Now Sniffy Snuffy Sambo had heard these mournful stories. He knew that he did every one of those awful things. He saw the silent, tearful crowd of handkerchiefs and his sympathy made him do a very unusual thing.

He ran to the stage. "I'll help you," he cried, "I'll tell the boys and girls in my school about



*The king of the land stood before the people with a tear in his eye and his crown hanging forlornly over one eye*

your unhappy lives and together we'll see if the handkerchief race can't be uplifted."

"Who are you?" they rustled as one voice.

"Sniffy Snuffy Sambo I was," said he, "but I am that no longer." He stood up proudly and bowed to right and left.

They smiled and clasped their cloth hands as the great white handkerchief wrapped herself around him and carried him away. They could hear him call, "Have courage, I'll do my best."

He found himself in the library again with a group of children at a small table. His white friend was gone. He did not sniff; he did not play with his handkerchief; he coughed, but his hankie was in front of his mouth. He told the children the story of his travels and so moved were they that they all ran home and asked their mothers for clean handkerchiefs. Please do the same and you can help clean and careful Sambo in his work of making the handkerchief people happy.

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*The sky in January  
Is beautiful to see,  
For then the big and little stars  
Are bright as they can be.*

*The Dipper big, with seven stars,  
Is very, very bright;  
You must be sure to watch the sky  
Some January night.*

—JEAN IRVINE.

## A MESSAGE TO THE JUNIORS OF THE WORLD

THE Junior Red Cross of Yugoslavia celebrated Armistice Day as Peace Day. They did not, though, forget the men who had died in the Great War, for, at eleven o'clock on November 11, all observed two minutes of silence in their honor. At eleven-thirty the radio station at Belgrade sent out in French and in Serbian the following message to the Juniors of the world:

"We, members of Junior Red Cross of Yugoslavia, most cordially salute the Juniors of all the countries of the world. It is our liveliest desire to chase from the hearts of men the hate which is engendered by murderous wars, destroying all the benefits of culture.

"For their own good, for the good of their homes and their countries, the youth of the whole world will throw always and everywhere the seeds of love and good will. We beg of you to join us in our prayer that God will bless the Society of those who work for the realization of World Peace."

This has given us the idea that perhaps the American Junior members would like to send out a message to their comrades around the earth on World Good Will Day, May 18. You might be thinking about this and getting suggestions

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ready. Then, when the high school representatives come together at the Annual Red Cross Convention in Washington, May 5-8, they could be ready to vote whether or not such a message should go out, and, if so, to decide from the suggestions in hand how it should be worded.

## "LITTLE GOD'S HOUSE"

THE house in the CALENDAR picture for this month is known as a "Little God's House." It is a home, founded hundreds of years ago in Bruges, for old ladies who have no one to take care of them. The house is built around a central court, quiet and sunny, and planted with grass and flowers. Each old lady has a large room to herself with a cookstove and other comforts; and each one is given a pension in money so that she can keep house for herself and do her own marketing. At the same time, she has plenty of neighbors to visit with, so that she is not lonely.

## ABOUT COLDS

Mary had a little cold,  
It started in her head;  
And everywhere that Mary went  
That cold was sure to spread.

She took it into school one day—  
There wasn't any rule;  
It made the children cough and sneeze,  
To have that cold in school.

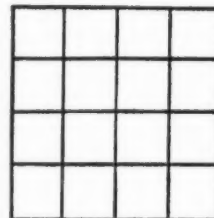
The teacher tried to drive it out,  
She tried hard, but—ker-choo;  
It didn't do a bit of good,  
'Course teacher caught it, too.

Mary had a drinking cup,  
It was shiny, bright and new;  
She passed it round to Johnnie,  
And Willie used it, too.  
They got a drink, but, sad to tell,  
They got poor Mary's cold as well.

*From "A Collection of Health Verses,"  
Canadian Red Cross Society.*

## A MARVELOUS SQUARE

USING a single series of numbers from 1 to 16, can you arrange them in a solid square so that when you add any column of the square vertically, horizontally or diagonally the sum is 34? Look for the answer next month.



THE verses at the beginning of this page were written by seven-year-old Jean Irvine and sent in a Canadian album to Australia. We reprint them from the *Canadian Red Cross Junior*.



*"A row of shining tin plates on a long narrow table, and at each place a deer"*

## Tom Brazil and His Deer Friends

MAUDE WOOD HENRY

IF YOU were to visit Hardy Island, half a hundred miles or more to the north of Vancouver, you would meet Tom Brazil and his deer friends. Perhaps you might be permitted to attend, at a safe distance, one of the dinners which these friends of Mr. Brazil's are given daily in the rocky meadow back of the old house where he lives. If so, you would see a company of sleek, beautiful Columbian coast deer, gathered about a banquet board spread with shorts and bread, which they particularly favor. A row of shining silvery tin plates is set neatly on a long, narrow table, each plate well filled, and at each place is a deer. If you were to watch these deer at their feast, you might see a front foot occasionally lifted to the table, exploringly, but these lapses in table manners are rare.

Now, although these deer are well fed at the table, they sometimes get hungry when they shouldn't, and if you were in Tom Brazil's house you would surely hear some of them come knocking for a bite between meals. At night it might be, when the four prowlers who have thought up this scheme would pay their call. They would rattle the back door knob with their noses and paw the door panels thunderously with their forefeet. Presently you would see the door opened and a handful of shorts thrust out to keep them quiet.

When Tom Brazil first caught sight of one of these deer on his Island he was glad to see it, for he was very lonely. That was about a dozen years ago when he went there as caretaker for its English owner. You can imagine this man standing very quietly in the midst of his firs, cedars and hemlocks, so as not to startle the wild visitor who had sauntered up toward his house. A beautiful sight that deer must have been, for no lovelier animal inhabits the wilds than these soft-eyed blacktails. Do you wonder that Tom Brazil went to his garden and cut a bunch of cornstalks and set them out on the trail? Or that, when the deer found them and greedily ate them, that he cut more and more until he had seven mouths to feed? For wild animals, like birds, spread the good news of a friend who feeds them.

The next year about thirty of the Island deer were being tamed in this way and they allowed Mr. Brazil to approach them closely. As time went on more and more deer came up to be fed, the does bringing their fawns with them. That was the start of the banqueting idea. In order to observe the deer more carefully, Mr. Brazil gave the meadow back of the old house to them for their very own and built the long table for them to dine on. More and more plates had to be set as fresh recruits arrived. The deer in the picture are but a few of those who come.



Hunters came and wanted to shoot Tom Brazil's deer friends, but he refused to permit it. Finally the provincial government created a sanctuary here and now the Island is under protection. Mr. Brazil has only to call "Co Boy" to gather his friends around him. Up they come running at his call when he wants to show them off to some visiting party. They will even permit the visitors to scratch their silken heads and if offered a morsel teasingly held high they will stand on their hind feet and reach for it as a dog will do. They will climb

meal time they sometimes engage in a brief bout with their antlers or try a bit of butting. But on the whole they are gentle creatures and when the young fawns skip about "tied to their mother's apron strings" a prettier sight would be hard to



on a visitor's knee, too. And they will follow the trails through the thick undergrowth and forest trees if Tom Brazil leads the way, knife in hand, to cut them a fresh alder bough as a special treat.

If you should visit Tom Brazil's Island nowadays you would be apt to see not only the company of deer which he has tamed, but feeding with them great bevvies of quail and an occasional pheasant. These wild companions are Mr. Brazil's gifts to his deer friends, to keep them from being lonely. The birds and deer are still the only living creatures on Hardy Island besides the keeper. But life there is not without its excitements. There are buck battles, sometimes fiercely waged, with great bristling and snorting and challenging to combat. With locked horns a fighting pair will tear around trying to down each other. Even at

find. June is fawn time on the Island. Horn shedding comes between December and March and mating begins the first week of November and continues to January.

Mr. Brazil himself sent us these pictures of his deer friends and this bobcat. Of the latter he

wrote: "I caught him last winter on the mainland. Another man helped me put a collar on him while I held him down. Some fun! And I never got a scratch! Bobcats are very destructive on the deer. There are none on the Island, but lots of them, as well as cougar, on the mainland."

In another letter Mr. Brazil said: "It cost me hundreds of dollars for feed to



entice the first deer to come in out of the woods. . . . If you ever get up this way, drop in. I have a lovely place here. I think you would like it. I have quite a few callers in the summer months from all parts of the states. I bar the camera unless I know the people are all right.

*Mr. Brazil and one of his friends. Above, a number of guests in the yard. At right, Mr. Brazil's bobcat*

# New Mexico's Hidden Wonderland

MARY E. RAKER

**Y**EARS ago lone riders of the cattle ranges in southeastern New Mexico spoke of the strange sight which greeted them night and morning when they chanced to ride near the Guadalupe ridge.

At sundown a smoke-like cloud rose out of a mysterious hole in the mountain as millions of bats poured out in a continuous stream which lasted four or five hours. At morning the throngs returned and disappeared like so many chimney swifts into the side of the mountain.

At length two cattlemen rode up the rugged hillside to investigate. There yawned before them the mouth of the "Bat Cave," as it came to be called. They figured out a way to enter it, and, as the bats were asleep, they had no difficulty in carrying out their investigations.

It was not long before the whole neighborhood knew that Jim White and Dave Mitchell had found guano deposits in the cave. Soon a shaft was drilled into the mountain some distance from the natural opening, and, by means of a cable apparatus and bucket, guano was taken out of the Bat Cave and sold. After a while several shacks were built about the shaft and a little railroad was constructed to help market the product, and this guano mining continued for twenty years. Only fancy how long the bats must have lived there and how many there must have been!

One day when the guano supply had begun to give out, Jim White and his friends took lantern and string to mark the way and wandered farther into the cave in the hope of finding a new supply. But what they found this time was much more astonishing than a huge guano deposit. For the cave was not merely a Bat Cave but a vast cavern of white and pink limestone with stalactites and stalagmites of giant size and fairylike beauty.

It took much exploring and much telling to convince even the neighboring town of Carlsbad of the wonders hidden beneath the familiar Guadalupe range. No one seemed to have known of the cave except the outlaws of frontier days. One



*The Billing Doves in one of the rooms of the Carlsbad Cavern in New Mexico*

or two skeletons found there hint that it may have been used by them as a place of refuge.

But at length the fame of the Carlsbad Cavern spread and it has been set aside by the Government as a National Monument.

It is entered now down wide, easy stairs into the natural opening and the trails are graded and in good condition, even lighted by electricity for part of the way. But my first trip into the cavern was before these improvements had taken away some of the adventure of the cave. It was mid-winter, several years ago, when our party assembled at the shaft which had been used during the guano operations, ready to be let down in the bucket. It was ten o'clock and the thermometer was hanging about zero as we waited for the guides to oil and start the engines.

The bucket was large and deep enough to hold the feet and legs of three people. Three at a time, we stood in it upright and clung to the bail. Then, with a rattle, the engine started and the light of day was lost to view as we were let down the dark shaft to the ground below. It made one a little nervous, especially on the way out of the cavern that evening, when something went wrong with the gasoline engine and three of us were suspended in mid-air for a few minutes half way up the hundred-and-eighty-foot journey! Yet to the end of the history of the bucket there was never an accident.

At the foot of the bucket shaft all the people were assembled, some provided with mantled gasoline lanterns. It seemed warm down there after the zero weather above. The temperature is always about sixty degrees in the cavern.

The trail led to the right and the climb began, for we found that we must do mountain climbing within a mountain. Immediately we were impressed by the spaciousness of the cave chambers, and our astonishment grew as time went on. Every little while we came to pools of fresh, cool water. In Carlsbad Cavern the water is always good and there are no blind fish in the streams, as in the Mammoth and other world-famous caves. In fact, there seem to be few living things there, and, except for blind white crickets, none that are peculiar to caves.

We had our first thrill as we approached the Devil's Den. The light from our lanterns had shown us that our trail lay through an open wilderness from one hundred to three hundred feet in width. Guarding the entrance to the Devil's Den was a huge stalagmite column and there the trail led abruptly into a yawning black pit, a hundred and fifty feet deep and so large that we could not see across it. This is sometimes called Yeitso's Den, after a giant of the Navajo legend.

On and on we went through many passages and rooms so large that one could not see the walls or ceiling. Here and there about the floor of the cavern lay tremendous slabs of limestone broken off the ceiling in some distant past.

The trail led past the Sleeping Lion and the Hippo's Mouth to the King's Palace, eight hundred and thirty feet below the surface of the earth. This room has been rechristened with the Indian name, Shinav's Wigwam, honoring the Navajo god of war.

Here we paused for luncheon and then were led through the various chambers of the "palace." The first was a great room hung with giant stalactites of glistening whiteness, yet of most delicate structure.

In the second chamber were the famous Elephant's Ears. These wonderful formations of

onyx hang from the ceiling in a soft folded effect like giant elephant's ears or pale pink velvet curtains. The limestone is so thin and opalescent that by holding a lantern behind an "ear" one can see the light shining through.

The third chamber of Shinav's Wigwam is of glassy whiteness and makes one think of a garden after a sleet storm. In another room, called Avanyu's Retreat after the serpent of Indian lore, is a curious formation of stalactites of various sizes like the pipes of a mighty organ. By tapping on them with something hard one may play a tune.

Now we moved on to the Big Room—as if all the rooms had not been big, some as large as a city block. This was half a mile long and eight hundred feet wide at its widest place. The guides told us that it was the largest single room in any cavern in the known world. One of them lighted a fifty thousand candlepower flare which burned two minutes, and cast its light about the vast room so that we might see as much as possible. Because of the inky blackness which the light must penetrate, the farthest that has been seen in the direction of the ceiling is three hundred feet. At that distance shadowy stalactites appear like pendants of a chandelier.

The Big Room contains thirteen tall stalagmites known as the totem poles. There is also a set of beautiful curtains of stone forming the Temple of the Sun. Lovely features of this room are the Lily Pads. The water has carved away the floor, leaving beautiful filigree work of stone that looks like lily pads on stems in a pond. There is actually water between them and one uses the leaves for stepping stones.

Other peculiarities are the sink holes which one must avoid. Jim White investigated these black pits some years ago and was let down by a rope ninety feet into a basement room much like the chambers above.

As we journeyed on and on through endless new channels for six hours, we thought of the courage of Jim White and the others who first braved these endless caverns.



*The Twin Domes are giant stalagmites*



# To Honor Mrs. Hoover

**L**AST spring the girls of the Tokiwamatsu Girls' High School in Tokyo thought it would be a fine idea to send a gift across the ocean to honor our new First Lady of the Land. So they dressed a lovely doll and sent her along with a very beautiful album which told all about the Japanese girls' greatest day of the year, the Dolls' Festival on March 3.

Between cherry blossom covers were lovely drawings and many photographs showing the types of dolls used in the festival and how they are arranged on shelves, like steps, covered with red cloth. On the very top shelf sit the Emperor and Empress. Below them are the Court ladies; farther below are five Court musicians, and then there are the Knights and Warriors, dancers and clowns.

The origin of this Dolls' Festival is unknown. However, it is said that during the Fujiwara Age (8th Century), when children became sick, their parents used to give them dolls and after they



*The gifts were delivered by Miss Tsuchiya, a translator at National Headquarters, to two members of the Washington J. R. C. Council, who took them to Mrs. Hoover. At right, the doll and one of the girls who sent it*

recovered these dolls were thrown into the river. The idea was that the doll contracted the illness from the sick children and sacrificed itself for



them. In time this idea changed, and in the Tokugawa Age (17th and 18th Centuries) parents gave beautiful dolls to their children and wished them to have beautiful and noble characters like the dolls. The observance of the Festival now prevails all over Japan and girls invite their friends to come to the Doll Party, where they all have a most delightful time.

More cherry blossoms appeared on the kimono of the doll the Tokiwamatsu members sent, and on the hand-made wooden boxes in which they packed both. The gifts were finished just after World Good Will Day and were sent through the Japanese Junior Red Cross with this letter:

Tokyo, Japan,  
June 5, 1929.

Mrs. Herbert Hoover,  
The United States of America.

DEAR MRS. HOOVER:

Nothing gives us more honor and pleasure than to send to you, the First Lady of your Land, a portfolio which was made by the girls in the land of cherry blossoms, in memory of the world peace day.

The lady who holds the highest honor



*On the very top shelf sit the Emperor and Empress dolls*

in life must have every desirable thing in the world, but we do hope that you will like our portfolio because it was made through the efforts of our pure sincerity and reverence, which can not be bought with gold.

All the pictures of dolls in the album are those of the selected dolls made by the first-class department stores which spent a great amount of money for them.

A Japanese proverb says, "Wrap a present in the pine needles." Our presents are not worth enough to wrap in the pine needles, but we are very happy that you, a lover of world peace, as well as we, will enjoy our portfolio in memory of the world peace day.

Your Japanese girls,  
TOKIWAMATSU HIGH SCHOOL.

## Juniors Work for Schools on Wheels

**I**F YOU were a JUNIOR last year, you probably remember reading in the December, 1928, News about the Schools on Wheels which travel back and forth to meet the children of the great "forest-and-lake" region of northern Ontario, Canada. Formerly many of these children, living so far apart that schoolhouses could not be provided, never went to school at all.

Then, you remember, the Minister of Education in the Ontario government asked the two big railway companies whose lines run east and west through this section to provide one car apiece. The province fitted up one end of each car for a schoolroom and the other as a home for the teacher and his family. Passing trains take the cars from place to place on a time-table schedule. On the days when they are due at some little settlement along the railway line, the children come tramping in over the ice and snow from their scattered cabins and farmhouses far up the lonely trails. After each session the teacher gives them home work to do until the School on Wheels comes back again.

One summer a few years ago one of these school



*Pupils of a School on Wheels starting home through the snow and ice*

cars was brought down to the Canadian National Exhibition at Toronto. The Toronto Juniors were so interested that they asked question after question about the schools and their comrades of the north who go to them. What would the children like most at school or for everyday necessities or play? They found that the children are anywhere from six to fifteen years old, and, although for most of them their native language is French, Roumanian, Italian or Russian rather than English, they are very wide-awake and learn quickly. The school cars carry libraries for them and for their parents.

So the Carlton Street School of Toronto thought right away of how much movies would mean to the children, and began taking up collections of copper coins until they had \$10 to buy films. The boys of the Normal Model School gave a phonograph with fifty records and some clothing. One summer they paid the expenses of a pupil from one of the Schools on Wheels to come to the Canadian National Exhibition. Last summer, by holding a bazaar, they brought another boy to see the Ontario capital and the Exhibition. To make Christmases merrier in the Schools on Wheels each year, several of the Toronto Junior Groups get ready collections of books for the libraries, tools for the manual training classes and many dolls and toys for the children to take home.



*The children range in age from six to fifteen*



*Juniors of Newport, Ky., presented "The Crown of Health" before the Cota Brillante School Mothers' Club as part of their work in health and citizenship*

## Other News of Juniors

THE November NEWS had not been out long before the Juniors of Seward, Nebraska, were asking where to send the silk stockings they were collecting for Dr. Grenfell's Mission in Labrador. Dr. Grenfell's instructions are to wrap the outworn stockings, which may include those made of rayon or part silk, in a stout package and mail them to: Miss M. A. Pressley-Smith, Industrial Department, International Grenfell Association, St. Anthony, Newfoundland.

"What will she do with them?" says Dr. Grenfell. "Why, just as our people take a flat sealskin and make it into 'half a mile of babbage' for threading up our snow shoes, so, by right cutting, round and round and round on a bias, our girls can make a wonderful lot of material for hooked mat-making, especially for the colored flowers and more delicate inserts of the rugs."

A letter from Labrador to the Westchester County, New York, members who sent stockings last year, said:

"... The stockings were beautifully sorted and it was really thoughtful of you to cut off the feet before sending them, as it saves us such a lot of trouble and time. ... It takes from sixty to eighty pairs to make one mat, so you can understand that we can not have too many."

A CLIPPING from Burley, Idaho, tells how the schools carried out a campaign

for good health. In all of the rooms red, white and blue records were kept for each one. The white meant normal weight or above, the blue, between normal and ten per cent under, and the red, ten per cent or more underweight. Of course all of the "blues" tried to get into the "white" class and the "reds" into the "blue" and so on until all could rank "white." The county nurse gave health talks and inspections and helped them to keep their records.

AT ONE of the Atlanta Grammar School Council meetings the Formwalt School reported this about health:

High 5-2 grade has made a beautiful and attractive border. There is a train that takes the children to Health Land. The stops are at: Oatmeal Station, Tooth Brush Inn, Butter Town, Apple Valley, Play Meadow, Bath Tub Ville, Soup Springs, Potato Hills, Book Land, Milky Way, Toast Ville, Spinach Greens, Beetville, and the last is Long Sleep Mountain.



*"We save newspapers," say the Juniors of Normandie Avenue School in Los Angeles. This picture was in an album they sent to a school in Mexico*

THE Hollenbeck Junior High School of Los Angeles has organized a Sick Service for pupils suffering from long and serious illnesses. The plans include sending visiting pupils, flowers, fruit, magazines, stamp collections and so on, every week. "It is en-





One page from an album sent by the Whittier School in Sioux Falls, South Dakota, to Japan

joyed by the sick pupil." the school says, "and the visiting children all love it."

**I**N a report from the Evandale School, one of the Frederick County, Virginia, rural schools, the Junior secretary says:

The President appoints a clean-up committee each month, consisting of both boys and girls, who take charge of the cleaning of the school and premises. We keep our room well swept and dusted, blackboards washed, windows clean, wash basins clean, lunch cupboard and library straight, rooms well ventilated and at the correct temperature. This is in charge of the girls. The boys keep paper and rubbish off the school grounds, keep muddy places filled with cinders, carry the coal, split the wood and build all the fires.

**S**T. MARY'S Catholic School in Eugene, Oregon, made special covers for the 1928 Annual Report of their Lane County Red Cross Chapter. To present the Red Cross as a world-wide organization, the members inked in on white art paper a design of a red cross marked "Service" stretching across a globe outlined in blue. The same Juniors also made the place cards for the chapter's annual meeting.

**T**HE little school at Hyak in Kittitas County, Washington, is on one of the highest points in the Cascade Range. Except for a few trains that puff

through daily going up the steep mountain grade, the town is entirely isolated from the rest of the county. Often the snow falls very heavily. Some mornings the children wake to find the school has been completely buried overnight. When this happens their fathers tunnel through the snowbanks to the schoolhouse, which is also the teacher's home, and then classes go on as usual.

Though this school has never had as many as ten pupils, it has belonged to the Junior Red Cross since 1923. Last year the Juniors overpaid their enrollment. When the Red Cross office wrote their teacher about it, they asked to have the extra money pay for a year's subscription to the News for the Washington Children's Home,

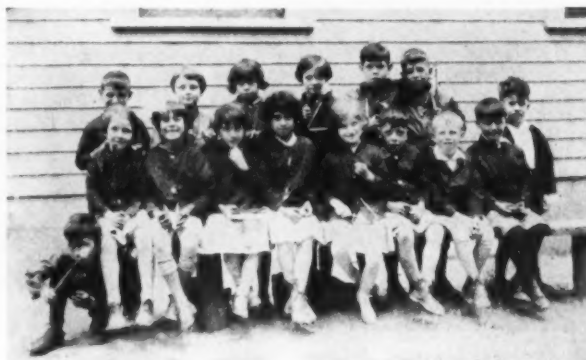
as a New Year's gift.

**O**NE evening recently thirty Juniors of the Binney School in Philadelphia gave an entertainment for the patients at the U. S. Naval Hospital. Besides piano, violin, saxophone, cornet, accordion and vocal solos, some of the girls did Russian and Lithuanian folk dances in native costumes, others did acrobatic dances and a few of the boys clogged. The program was all over by nine o'clock, the veterans' bedtime. Next day stacks of magazines and books, chocolate and cigarettes sent by the Juniors who did not take part in the program were distributed to the men.

**T**HE primary grade Juniors of the Oliphant School, in Middletown, Rhode Island, have organized a toy orchestra. Their instruments are one drum, one pair cymbals, one pair sand blocks, two triangles, two sets of bells, two tambourines, two clog sticks and the rest blocks. The Parent-Teachers Association of the school

gave them red jackets fastened with gold buttons. Last April the orchestra gave two numbers in an entertainment at the Town Hall to raise funds for playground equipment.

**A** CORRESPONDENCE album from Japan started a class of forty-three Juniors at the Nord-



The Oliphant School Orchestra

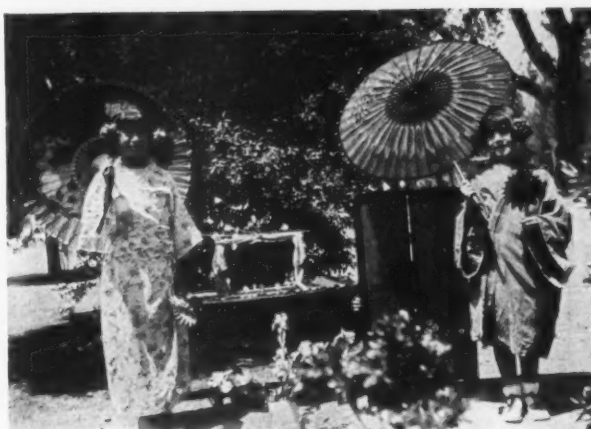
hoff Union Grammar School, Ojai, California, on a study of the cherry blossom land. Books and interesting articles were collected on a Japanese Table. Then they made a Japanese garden on the sand table, with cherry trees made of paper blossoms fastened to twigs, clay swans "swimming" on a looking-glass pond, a curved bridge of cardboard joining narrow paths bordered with flowers and ferns and little clothes-pin figures dressed in kimonos. They studied about the country in geography, and in nature class they learned about Japan's cherry trees and silkworms. For language work they wrote stories about Japan for the school paper and letters to their Japanese correspondents. In music class they learned a Japanese song and in art class painted Japanese landscapes with snow-capped mountains in the background. In manners and morals class they discussed the neatness of the Japanese people and learned the motto:

No Evil see tho it appear  
No Evil hear tho it be near  
No Evil speak, no Evil do,  
See, hear and speak what's pure and true!

For physical education they played games that Japanese children play. Later they mounted their stories, with pictures to illustrate them, in a big class book. One Junior brought in a real kimono and the class traced the silk material back to its origin in the silk-worm. Some of the boys made a Japanese house. Last of all, their work was exhibited in a downtown window as the first of a series of Junior Red Cross windows their school got up to show the townspeople what the members were doing.

**T**HE other Junior Red Cross Windows in the Nordhoff Grammar School series were a Safety Window, an Indian Window, a Fitness for Service Window, a Nature Window and an All World Round Window.

For the Safety Window one of the boys made a complete card-



Two Nordhoff Grammar School Juniors and their Japanese exhibit. That they are not real Japanese maidens is plain, because no girl in Japan wears flowers in her hair this way; and because the light kimono is fastened from right to left instead of from left to right as a live person's should be

board model of the school building and two others made miniature streets, sidewalks, automobiles, bicycles, children, stop signals and signs. Other exhibits were the local safety code, illustrated with cut-outs and drawings; the safety book the Sixth Grade made to send to Bransk, Poland, as a reply to a Polish album; a red and black "Causes of Fire" by the Fifth Grade, and the Fourth Grade's collection of poems, illustrations and clippings about safety. The Junior Committee had a pile of rusty opened cans, nails, broken glass, sling-shots, rocks, old knives, scissors and so on, labeled "poor play-things."

In the All World Round Window were portfolios and other material from foreign countries. Every class co-operated in preparing it.

**T**HREE Kings' Day, celebrated on January 6, is the favorite Christmas holiday of Porto Rican members. Last January \$1,500 from the Junior hurricane contributions was used to serve a Three Kings' Day luncheon in the country schools, with special dishes appropriate to the day on the bill of fare.

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# Gift Makers



## JUNIOR RED CROSS

*Sends Gladness into*  
HOSPITAL WARDS  
*and to*  
SERVICE MEN FAR FROM HOME

---

*The Lancaster Chapter of the American Red Cross Enrolls  
City and County Schools*

---

AN AGENCY OF THE  
===== WELFARE FEDERATION OF LANCASTER COUNTY =====

(Lancaster, Pennsylvania)



